Bradford, June 13th, 180

My dear Grandson,

Your good long letter to us was gladly received but has not been promptly answered, for I looked for you home here the last of the past week. It is seldom that I write a letter on the Sabbath day. Your Mama came in at the close of her Church Service, said she received a letter from you last night, and you wished your grandparents to write to you soon, and now I sit down to thank you for remembrance of us, and your letter needs no praise for it was well written and would stand well on its own merits. We all miss your presence in our home and in the town. I hope you will have a pleasant and happy visit with your Papa and all the relatives and return to us well again when your visit is done. Grandpa is resting on the lounge upstairs, it is very warm in the sun today but a brisk breeze of wind. We have had splendid showers, yesterday a thorough one, and everything grown finely. Augusta C. has had some baby visitors, Mary Cooper's babies, and they were two as restless, mischievous little spirits as anybody could imagine. They completely tired Augusta out, she looked almost real sick before they left, but her mother said she has got rested so she feels natural again. She had to keep close at their heels to keep them from pulling down the many things that they could get hold of. they are smart, eyes as black as their Mother's. Mr. and Mrs. Wright are flourishing nicely, have a pleasant home, all new, but very comfortable, has a tool house, hen house and little henery or park for them, has his hens in it, has two coops of young chickens. His trees that he set here are growing. He has his garden. I think he enjoys his home well. they get their milk here. Doct. Talmadge is daily in his garden at work, has a good prospect.

Your Grandpa has come down, says I must finish this, must tell you that he sees your calves often and they are doing well, he carries to them salt and they run to him for it, are improving, He thinks your letter very commendable for its being plainly written, far better than many men write. He thanks you much for it, you are twelve years old - twelve years of your life has past, and if your reputation thus far is good indeed and if you are careful to keep it unspotted and as fair as now, until you are a man, what a blessing to you and the world. May the heavenly Father keep you near himself and help you to always chose the right and shun the wrong. That will bring you happiness. I close by sending love and good wishes to all the friends, yourself and your dear Papa.

Grandpa especially sends his love and good wishes, this from your Grandma Crane

P.S. some mistakes you need not mind them